

The Tragedie

I will performe it to infranchise you,
Meane time this deepe disgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.

Gla. I know it pleasech neither of vs well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.

Gla. I must preforce, farewell.

Exit. Gla.

Glo. Go tread the path, that thou shalt nere returne,
Simple plaine Clarence, I do loue thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soule to heauen,
If heauen will take the present at our hands:
But who comes here, the new deliuered Hastings?

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.

Glo. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordship brookt imprisonment?

Hast. With patience (noble Lord) as prisoners must:
But I shall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment,

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too,
For thay that were your enemies are his,
And haue preuaild as much on him as you.

Hast. More pittie that the Eagle should be mewed,
While Kites and Buzars prey at libertie.

Glo. What newes abroad?

Hast. No newes so bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is sickly, weake and melancholy,
And his Phisitians feare him mightily.

Glo. Now by Saint Paul this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an euil diet long,
And ouermuch consumed his royall person,
Tis very greuous to be thought vpon,
What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Goe you before, and I will follow you,
He cannot liue I hope, and must not die
Till George be packt with post horse vp to heauen,
He into vrge his hatred more to Clarence.

Exit. Hast.

of Richard the third.

With lyes well steeld with weightie arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to bussell in:
For then Ile marry Warwicks youngest daughter,
What though I kild her husband and her father,
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I, not all so much for loue,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach vnto.
But yet I run before my horse to market:
Clarence still breathes, Edward still liues and raignes
When they are gone, then must I count my gaine.

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearse of Harry the

Lady Anne. Set downe, set downe your honour

If honour may be shrowded in a hearse
Whilest I a while obsequiously lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous Lancaster.
Poore kei-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster,
Thou bloodles remnant of that royall blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy ghost,
To heare the lamentations of poore Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughtred sonne,
Stabd by the selfesame hands that made these holes
Loe, in those windowes that let forth thy life,
I powre the helpelesse blame of my poore eyes.
Curst be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curst be the heart that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whose vgly and vnnaturall aspect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view.